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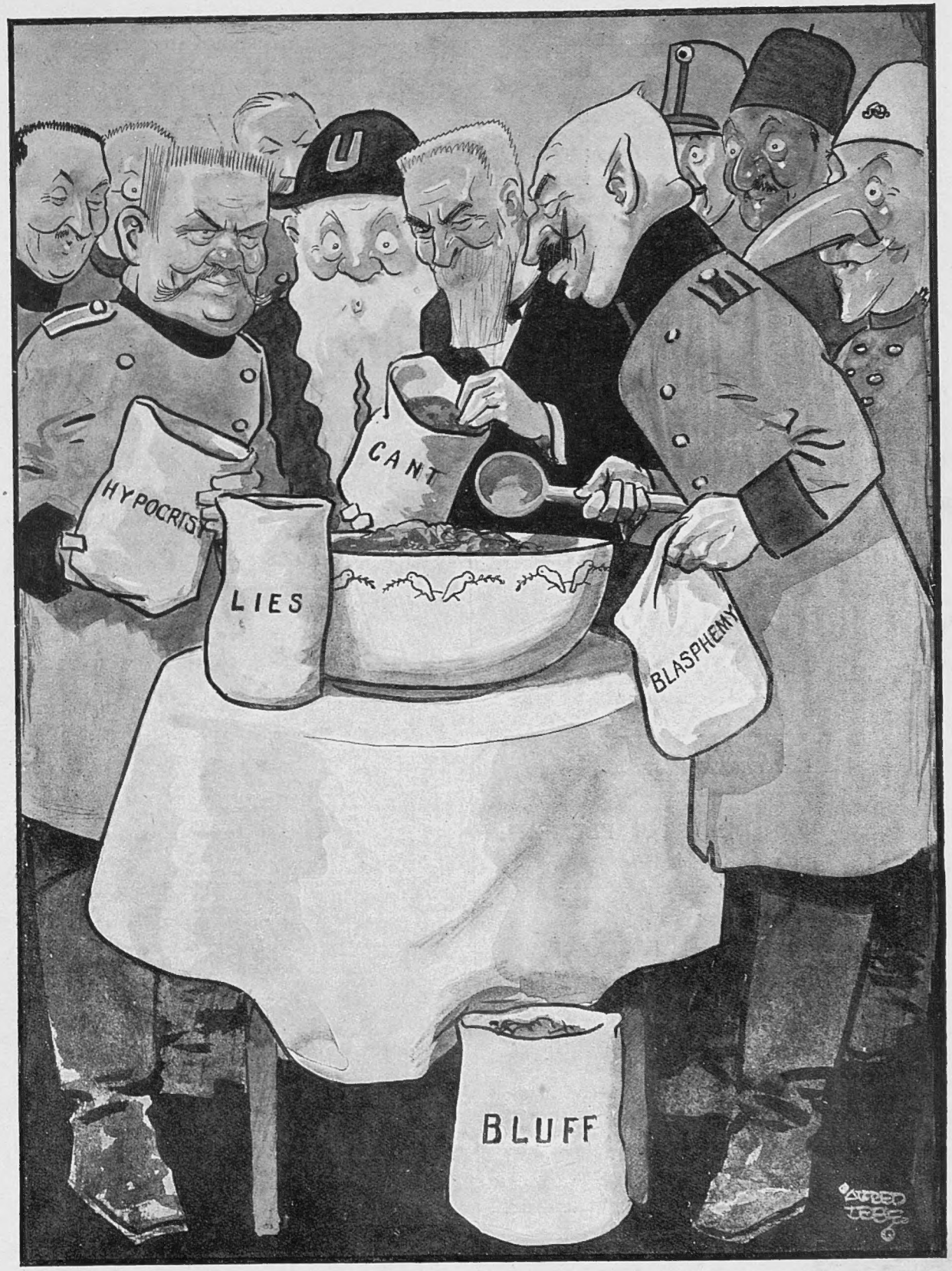
The BYSTANDER



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BYSTANDER WAR COMMENTS

Peace "Made in Germany"

"Germany, Austria-Hungary, Turkey, and Bulgaria have addressed to the Governments of enemy countries similar Notes, expressing their willingness to enter into peace negotiations." Thanks, thanks! You positively overwhelm us with kindness. We propose to overwhelm you with something else very shortly; but meanwhile let us by all means have a little chat about it.

Won—But Lost

In the first place there is quite enough to vilify Germany about, Heaven knows—and Hell—without vilifying her for producing peace negotiations. It is perfectly natural and proper that she should. If the situations were reversed we should do the same. It is perfectly natural and proper for her to offer us peace because at the present moment she has—(please don't be afraid to print it, Printer)—indisputably "won"—"won" as thoroughly and as undeniably as many a boxer who has had his man down in the first rounds of a fight, *and lost it in the last.*

"A BETTER 'OLL-WEG" (?)

The German Chancellor, Von Bethmann-Hollweg, talking to Herren Zimmermann and Von Jagow, possibly about his earth-shaking, epoch-making speech in the Reichstag last week, in which he expressed the willingness of the thief, who thinks he has secured his "swag," to make peace with the Police. This achievement of super-bluff isn't likely to cut much ice with the Allies; and we would strongly advise the Kaiser, if he "knows of a better 'ollweg," to "go to it"!

The Smile of a Million Stars

Well, it is to that last that we are going to fight it. It is a somewhat bruised and battered face that we lift to our opponent as he offers us the chance of stopping it now. Belgium is one cruel bruise we show, Serbia another, Montenegro a third, Rumania a fourth, the fairest of fair France, a fifth. These are deep scars of a truth, but a rare smile shines through them. It is the smile of a Million Stars, and every star is the soul of one gallant son who has died in pledge that Right shall win and shall endure. That is our answer to Germany's offer—that smile of the Million Stars.

The Setting to the Smile

Yes, and it has a setting—as grim as itself is glorious. Memories are the setting of the smile—memories of Louvain and all the infamy and lust in Belgium in the early days; memories of the *Lusitania*, the *Arabia*, and a hundred other ships; of Nurse Cavell; of Captain Fryatt; of Wittenburg typhus camp; of victims sold into slavery; of a thousand crimes that cry to Heaven for punishment and that will turn their accusations on us while unpunished they remain. That is the setting of the smile that answers Germany to-day.

Peace—At Our Price

Come you to us with peace? We are ready for it; but remember it is peace as it shall be made in that last round to which we intend to fight. If Germany is willing "right now" to discuss terms on the position as we propose to leave it at that hour, then one and all of the Allies and every single one of their subjects will be delighted to cut the necessary years that intervene and settle it up—that is, proceed to the reckoning—forthwith.

'Nuff Said

For the rest, dear, kind Germany, Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria, and Turkey—GET OUT and let us get on with the war.

Premier Paradoxes

The great quality a successor to Mr. Asquith was besought to produce was a new way of doing things. Unquestionably Mr. Lloyd George has it. He produces in a few days a Cabinet which is, nevertheless, an affair of much Labour; he reduces the unhappy Twenty-Three to five, yet makes the total thirty-three; and having come in to make things hot all round he began by himself taking a severe chill. The bloated public disgorges ten more Ministerial salaries from its bulging pockets, and settles down expectantly to see things hum.

Shaken Before Taken

Not that there is going to be much settling down about it. Our gentle Press has been howling for months past for us all to be shaken up and by the look of things we are going to get it. In a word, to be shaken before taken—all between sixteen and sixty? Mr. Asquith, with his expiring-Premier

(Continued on page 640)

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded from page 639)

breath, told the Commons that he detested the word Dictator. Mr. Lloyd George simply loves it. At present he calls it Controller, and has as many of it to the square yard of Cabinet as Germany has of machine-guns to the linear yard of massed formation—with not dissimilar effect.

Controllers in Being—

There is a Food Controller to control you when you eat; a Labour Controller to control you if you labour (or, rather, if you do but won't); a Shipping Controller to control you if you ship; and a Blockade Controller to control you if you blockade—which, up to the present, we haven't done with any over-indulgence.

—And Wanted

Good Bystanders, in their anxiety to see the Prussian Beast under control, will be so far from objecting to all these dictatorettes that I am sure they would gladly subscribe to provide the salaries of one or two other Controllers if Mr. Lloyd George will accept them. A Pacifist Controller for one; a Press Hysterics Controller for another; and for a third, not so much a Controller as an Extinguisher. A Man-Who-Decreed-No-Christmas-Leave-for-the-Troops-Extinguisher.

HOLLWEG: "They don't seem to recognise it!"

That Christmas Leave

The last-named matter—now happily put right by the War Office—was quite in the best style of Prussianism for injustice and futility. The injustice requires no elaboration. It was naked and unashamed until feeling got too hot for it. The one class of the community that is doing its duty—making complete sacrifice to-day and perhaps the Great Sacrifice to-morrow—was singled out to make more comfortable Christmas travelling for the rest of us. As to the futility of the thing, it has been shrewdly pointed out that for nearly every man in khaki prevented from using the railway at Christmas, two or more persons in mufti would have used it—to go and see him.

Outside!

The War Office has climbed down, and Christmas leave for the men in training is to be "as usual"—it is usually precious little, but that can't be helped. But whose plan was it, and was he going to spend his own Christmas in billets, whoever he was? Decidedly an Extinguisher to control his kind is wanted, and worth paying for.

Black-Listed Christmas Presents

So far as Christmas presents are concerned, it is going to be an abysmally black Christmas in some happy homes. I gather this by studying the list of goods which the railway companies refuse to carry during the Christmas period. The man who expects to find in his stocking an incubator, a fowl-house, a street organ, or a dog or other live animal absolutely can't have them. It is cruel, but we are at war, and these little knick-knacks must be sternly sacrificed. The unhappy victim must bear it like a man, and think of those equally barren stockings in which their owners hoped to see a live bird (except poultry for consumption), a bath-chair, a sewing-machine, or a stately tree or nice, handsome shrub. The full horrors of war are, indeed, coming home to us.

Superfluous Passengers

Since, however, the railways have thus taken a firm step in the matter of restricting goods, why not take a firmer and even more desirable one, and restrict a few types of passengers—permanently? The war would not have been fought in vain were it to nerve the companies to prohibit the conveyance of gentlemen who use the carriage floors as spittoons, ladies who travel in smoking-carriages, strangers who insist upon talking to you, fresh-air fiends who open the windows, foul-air fiends who shut them, and congenital idiots who use the overhead racks as goods waggons, and there are plenty of others.

Phrases and Phases

"He loves silence and has a horror of grand and needless phrases." The Kaiser? No. Pemberton-Billing? Wrong. Winston Churchill? Next boy, please. The *Daily Mail?* All wrong. The personality referred to is General Nivelle, the new Commander-in-Chief of the French Army. With him comes a new and smaller Cabinet for France, and with the changes Germany's number goes up higher than ever. For over two years "Père Joffre," has been creating the position which it is now for the young 'uns to go in and win from. "Grand and needless phrases" are abhorrent to General Nivelle. Look out for grand and heedless phases which will be particularly abhorrent to the Kaiser.

Gift Horses

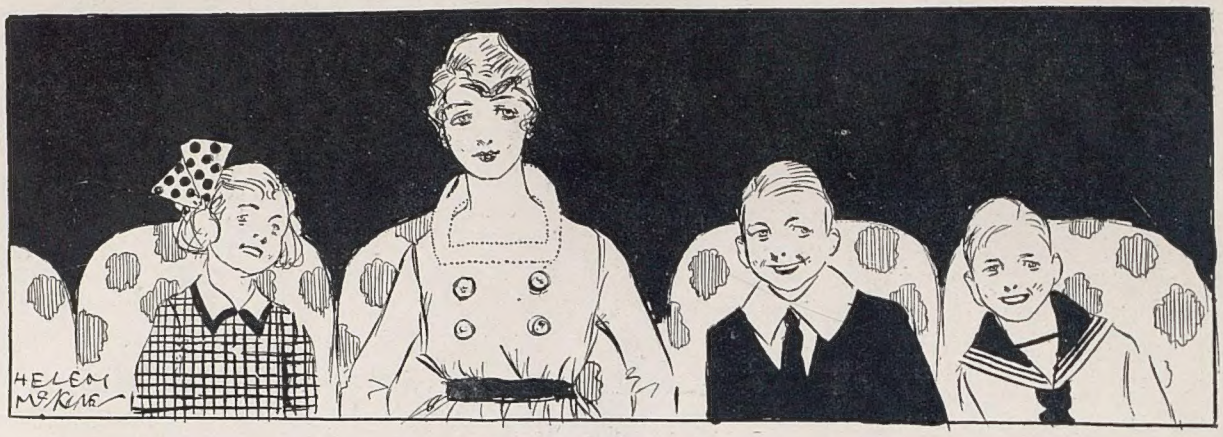
"P. B." and "K. J.," that devoted pair whose Westminster stage names are Pemberton-Billing, M.P., and Kennedy Jones, M.P., have been figuring in a County Court case over a blood horse worth 1,200 guineas when "K. J." gave it to "P. B.," and considerably less (according to "P. B.") when a livery stable delivered the goods at Hertford. "P. B." naturally wouldn't look a gift horse in the mouth, but looked at this one in the knees instead, with County Court results. The most encouraging point that arises, however, is for those people who have been told it is unpatriotic to make expensive presents in these hard times. They will take fresh heart when they hear of M.P.'s tossing twelve-hundred guinea blood horses about to one another.

The Dauntless Five

"When none was for a Party
But all were for the State."

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHE"



"There's pantomime as usual"

LONDON, *December* 18, 1916.

DEAR COUSIN—

Now things have settled down again and there's a little time to think it over I'm not at all sure that the biggest happening of all these last momentous weeks hasn't been the terrific social change. We've been laying the foundation for the future of the Empire, and the great tidal wave of democracy that's been gathering strength so long has burst the gates at last and poured over the country with an overwhelming rush.

AND in its passing, I wonder. . . . Will it sweep away all the tired old fetishes and wash the slate clean of injustice? What will go first—the feudal system and all the privileges of rank and the omnipotence of riches and the degradation of extreme poverty? For I suppose if there is one thing more certain than another it is that under the new force wealth, sooner or later, will be conscripted. It'll be very dull, of course—things always are that are really good for us. All roast beef and rice pudding and prunes, instead of *suprême de sole Ritz* and *faisan rôti* and *pêche Melba*.

PICTURE to yourself, cousin, the social revolution that's happened in Downing Street alone. Why, it's a complete upsetting of all the traditions and conditions we've clung to like limpets for centuries. The change of hostesses at No. 10 is one of the *coups d'état* of these epoch-making days in which we're fashioning the new England. The late *châtelaine*, all that there is of last-wordism, strongly flavoured with the exclusiveness of blue-blood and the conscious superiority of landed proprietors. The new one—the domestic woman.

FOR all these war and pre-war years, "Margot," who even in childhood conversed with scholars, argued with statesmen and had views on everything that mattered in the world that mattered; who was always in the movement and mostly a little bit ahead of it; who had no slavish respect for conventions or persons; who was a devotee of the intellectual, great on cults and culture, on clothes, and on all new things, in art, in books, in the theatre. Restless, nervous, autocratic, full of energy, a critic on the hearth. Above all, a personality; utterly independent, having opinions of her own, sufficient unto herself, modernism rampant.

AND now. . . . Mrs. Lloyd George. "Mrs. Lloyd George," one reads, "has no ambition to be a political force. She does not care to influence appointments. She is concerned only about her husband's health"—in fact, everything Britain expects of a British wife and mother. Quiet, retiring, a devoted helpmeet with absolutely no wish to shine except in the reflected glory of her brilliant husband's radiance. You have only to look at her to see she is untouched by the hectic restlessness that is one of the hall-marks of the newer woman.

EVEN the modern extravagance in clothes has passed her by; indeed, one does not associate extravagance in any form with England's new "First Lady," and you simply can't imagine her wearing herself to shreds in the throes of Russian ballet and opera, or running a new "ism," or a parade of *mannequins* from Paris. The Pauline type, you know—"submit yourselves to your husbands," etc. But for all her "womanliness" Mrs. Lloyd George is not "womanly" in the sense that she takes no interest in anything outside her house and home. Social reform finds her always a keen disciple, and the common sense of her class is a boon on committees.

SO there we are, you see—instead of complexity simplicity; instead of the Smart Set the Social Democrats. No more of those impromptu-ish lunches, with bishops and actresses and peers and poets passing each other the port; no more meetings of "souls" wonderfully arrayed and dancers wonderfully disarrayed. Instead—a purely political household with only one person that matters in it, and that its master. Delicious antediluvian idea, isn't it?

BUT the simplicities—that's what they say we've got to get back to, you know, so perhaps, after all, the new order in Downing Street is really a sign of the times. As a soldierman who's been "through it" explained to me while we lunched (at

peace-time length) at the Carlton the other day, and surveyed the varied crowd of peeresses and actresses and *débutantes* and lovely ladies that filled every side and corner: "You see, we who've been out there have got right back to the great first principles—fighting and loving; and while we're doing the first you can't imagine how often we think of the last.

⁂ ⁂

"IF you women are out of sight you're not out of mind, I assure you, over there. But we've decided we want you—simpler. We want the good ones and we want the bad ones too—human nature's still human nature if things have changed—but what we *don't* want you is *mixed!*"

⁂ ⁂

HIS idea was that, in sex matters anyway, we should return to the more straightforward simplicities of the ancient civilisations, Greek and Roman. The wives and mothers in their place, a necessary and important and highly revered part of the State, and the others in *their* place—not, as now, each frantically imitating the other, till we hardly know where we are, and life's made much too complex, which, of course, is bad for the race.

⁂ ⁂

AS it is, according to these "simple" men who've come back from the battle-fighting with a knowledge of life and death that they never had before, the strain of this trying to be "all things to all men" is so heavy on the modern woman that she gets quite distracted between the rival claims of the old virtues and the new fashions. In the new, war-changed world there'll be no room for anything complicated like that in the way of feminism. Not so exciting, perhaps, as being a bit of Martha and a bit of Mary too; but, oh, what a blessed rest!

⁂ ⁂

JUST like a man, though, isn't it, to think that such a change can be worked by a mere wave of the hand, and just because that's how *he* newly visualises

"No Christmas leave?"

"Christmas à deux, done properly, isn't so bad"

things? Still, you never can tell; woman's nothing if not adaptable, and in the whirligig of time there's positively nothing that mightn't quite easily happen. Look at the metamorphosis of the man of the moment alone—I mean, of course, the Premier.

⁂ ⁂

HE'S now "saving the nation," not to speak of handing out jobs to peers and going in to dinner before the very bluest. But only a few short years ago and, dear me, the *names* we called him! Pirate, Robber of Hen-Roosts, Assassin of the House of Lords, a Danger to the State, that *Dreadful* Man, my dear. . . . And daily in the *Times* were pathetic letters from dukes and earls, saying how awfully sorry they were, but they'd simply been *forced* to cut down *all* their charities owing to the *scandalous* way Mr. Lloyd George was going to tax their land.

⁂ ⁂

BUT now. . . . Well, we've changed all that, even if we're owners of land, haven't we? "Of colossal courage, essential insight, vital resource," say even his one-time enemies. "Of the Dantonesque quality of audacity no man in the world has more, and to that are added wariness and contrivance. He is a human dynamo who combines the persuasiveness of the Irishman with the concentration of the American and the thoroughness of the Englishman. He has the gift of getting people to do things. . . . He can give us victory. . . ." Well, well, well! All this about "that little Welsh attorney. . . . !"

⁂ ⁂

FOR myself I adore genius wherever one finds it, don't you, even if genius is really (which it isn't) only a transcendent capacity for taking trouble? The world is so full of mere ordinary people, dull wights, who, if they never do anything particularly wrong, never do anything particularly right either. It'd be too boring for words without the geniuses, though it must be a depressing thought to some that in all the history of the world there's simply never been, has

(Continued on page 644)

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (*concluded from page 643*)

there, a really thoroughly *good* genius, of the Sunday school sort?

⁂ ⁂

A VERY fortunate thing, though, it seems to me, for us in England now that we *have* got a "human-dynamo" Premier. 'Cos they really a bit overdid it you know, the wait-and-see idea, that old Government. Makes your head whirl merely to *read* about the things the new one's got to get done quick. Prepare the spring offensive, make a real blockade, arm the merchant ships, mobilise the nation (including the women), ration the country, prohibit luxuries, increase home industries, try to clear up the Balkan muddle—that's only a selection, but it *does* look as if quite soon now it'll be pretty clear to everyone that England's really at war.

⁂ ⁂

OUR first real war Christmas, this, for one thing. Last one there was dancing and dining and motoring and travelling just exactly as usual, and not even the shadow of a ghost of a Food Ticket had darkened our horizon, though we gaily predicted the early fall of the enemy because he'd long ago got *his* into working order. If we *must* travel this Christmas we do so at our own risk. Trains may, or may not, turn up. In any case, there's nothing guaranteed and the best plan will be to do as the Indians do, just go to a station, camp out on the platform, and take a train if one comes along. Those of us, that is, who are among the starters; but there are some, I'm told, who are positively welcoming the no-travel rules as the chance of a lifetime for giving the family party a miss. Christmas *à deux*, done properly, isn't so bad, you know. Restful, anyway.

⁂ ⁂

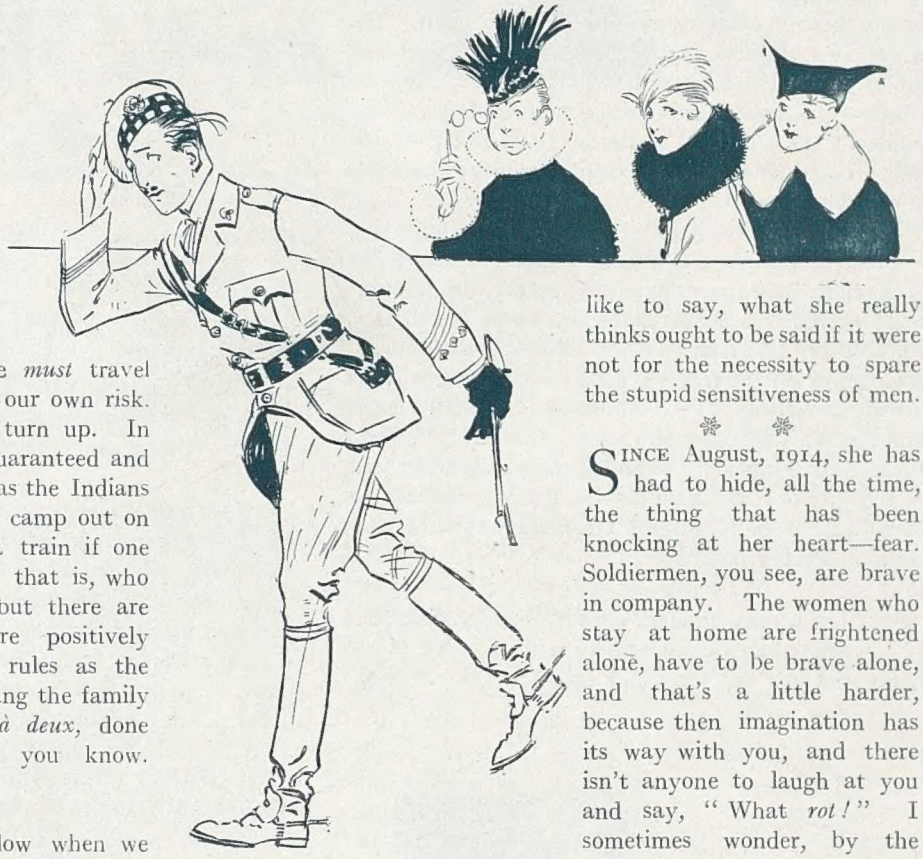
BUT it was a horrid blow when we heard there wasn't to be any Christmas leave for the troops at home—hen-parties are horrider than ever in the festive season. Though no one would grumble, I think, if the order really meant that all the trains were to be commandeered for men on leave from the front. What the soldiermen and the soldiermen's women do think rather hard is that the ordinary civilian may go his own sweet way—if it is at the railway company's convenience. The civilian hasn't been torn from his home to live wifeless and childless and sweetheartless in a crowded hut or camp, so why shouldn't he feel the pinch of war's discomforts just for once? But, of course, there may be other reasons.

⁂ ⁂

ANYWAY, it looks like being a horridly manless holiday. "Father" is no longer, in these sad days, an indispensable adjunct to every household, and I'm afraid the longing and loneliness will be more in evidence than the joy and the reunion this third war-Christmas—last year, you see, they hadn't yet reached the married men; but, of course, there's always the younger generation—you can't let even war spoil their fun. So there's pantomime as usual, and there'll be parties. Childhood is only too ready, anyway, to scent tragedy; and it's plainly our duty to hide, if we can, from urgent childish eyes the tragic things that are filling our hearts and minds so utterly this December.

⁂ ⁂

NOT a difficult duty, either, at this stage—concealment; not for women, anyway. It doesn't do to become sadder without becoming wiser, and if woman has learned anything in this war it is that she must go on hiding things. Always, of course, perfect frankness has been impossible to woman. As someone has said, so much of her safety depends on judicious reticences. I call a woman sincere when she volunteers a statement resembling remotely what she really would like to say, what she really thinks ought to be said if it were not for the necessity to spare the stupid sensitiveness of men.



"He actually fled from the waiting-room"

⁂ ⁂

SINCE August, 1914, she has had to hide, all the time, the thing that has been knocking at her heart—fear. Soldiermen, you see, are brave in company. The women who stay at home are frightened alone, have to be brave alone, and that's a little harder, because then imagination has its way with you, and there isn't anyone to laugh at you and say, "What *rot!*" I sometimes wonder, by the way, if it's because of our craven insides that we're so delighted always to find a man's a coward too—a coward in things where a woman's as brave as a lion? For instance, I know no woman, do you, who'd mind a bit having to wait ten minutes for a man in the waiting-room of a man's club?

⁂ ⁂

YET a gallant Gaelic soldierman I know turned tail and actually *fled* when he went through the same experience in the waiting-room of a woman's club. He'd been all through Gallipoli, and he'd seen at very close quarters indeed all the horror and hatefulness of war, and he knew what battle-fighting was—but *that* he couldn't tackle. Did you *ever* know such funny things? Worse than children, aren't they? And when they're good-looking—worse than babies. As a V.A.D.'s just written me from France: "Blanche, can you tell me? The men in hospital are splendid, but *why* do the good-looking ones bear pain so much worse than the plain?" Poor darlings.

With love, yours ever, BLANCHE

Engaged to One of "The Five"

Camera Portrait *E. O. Hoppé*

Mrs. ALFRED DUGGAN, DAUGHTER OF THE LATE Mr. J. MONROE HINDS

formerly American Minister at the Court of Brazil, and widow of Mr. Alfred Duggan, of Buenos Ayres, whose engagement to Lord Curzon, Lord President of the Council and Leader of the House of Lords, and one of the five members of the "War Cabinet," has recently been announced

A Whimsical Diary: No. II.

WHAT "TOMMY" THOUGHT ABOUT THE "CRISIS"

BY "WILL OF THE WISPSHIRES"

PATRONISING civilian, in the train, asked me what "we chaps" thought of the Cabinet shindy. I suppose he thought "we chaps" all thought alike about things, we being "Tommies," don't you know, and presumably in the habit of moving our minds as well as our muscles to the orders of the drill-sergeant. "Parade! T-chun! Minds — right! Quick. . . . Think! Sup——port! . . . Wait till I give yer the execitive word of command. Support—as you were! What's that man doin' there with 'is 'ands? Sup——port Lloyd . . . George. As you were! On the word George, yer throws up yer 'ands and shouts 'ooray! Try it agen! Parade!" and so forth.

❀ ❀

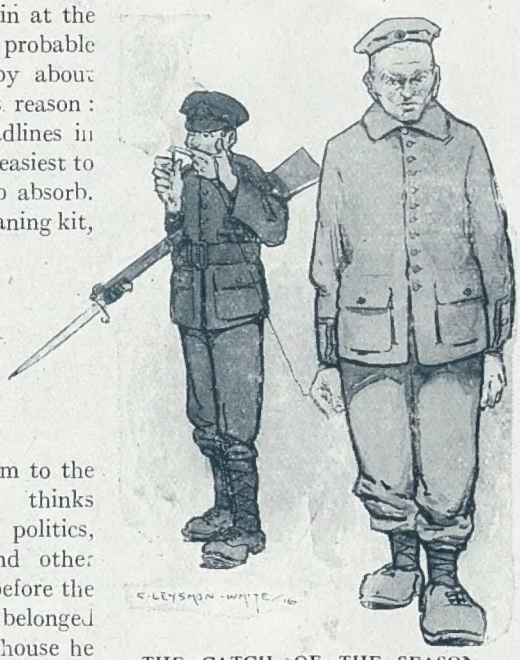
OF course, that *isn't* how army opinion is formed at all, really. If a vote were taken at the camp I happen to be working in at the moment I think it very probable Mr. George would win by about eight to two, and for this reason: he has made the best headlines in the papers that have been easiest to obtain and the quickest to absorb. Study of the news, like cleaning kit, bed-making, and sweeping out your billet, is an indulgence of spare time. It is a matter—and one of the very few—on which a soldier is left free of regulations.

❀ ❀

AMAZING as it may seem to the civilian, a soldier thinks exactly the same about politics, religion, football, golf, and other sacred things as he did before the war. If before the war he belonged to a Radical Club in Limehouse he would probably be an extreme Lloyd Georgian still. If, on the other hand, he were a Primrose Duke he would have a leaning towards respectability at all costs, however moist and muddy his person. The idea that soldiers are in a perpetual state of excitement about "getting on with the war" is a fallacy. They are only concerned with getting on with the particular bit of the war they happen to be engaged upon, in order that the next meal, or drink, or leave may come round safely and quickly. One halfpenny paper is all that an average soldier has time even to glance at during the day unless he be a professional politician, who is determined to keep himself informed at all costs. The price which one would have to pay daily for trying to keep oneself informed as to war news is one's breakfast.

❀ ❀

YOU see, in my camp—and in most others, I believe—breakfast is a parade. No nonsense in the Army about coffee and rolls brought up to your stable loft with the morning paper. The Army is determined that you jolly well shall have your breakfast, so it makes you "parade" at a given place at seven of the clock, and after various convolutions with your feet, body, head, eyes, and hands, it marches you to "mess." Now even in the best-regulated of camps, mess is a scramble, and the devil takes the hindmost. If a man, seeing on the placard that the Cabinet and Bucharest had simultaneously fallen, were himself to fall out to buy a paper in order to read about it, he would probably *lose his breakfast*; that is to say, other persons would, by the time he reached his seat in the mess section, have absorbed the morning's rations. Now, there breathes no single soldier who will take the awful risk of forgoing his breakfast, because, after breakfast, there is long and dirty business to be done for some four successive hours, in some distant field far away from supplies. If the Heavenly Host constituted the new War Council, I myself would not surrender my plate of porridge or of ham to read about it. It would be enough for me to see on the placards what had happened.



THE CATCH OF THE SEASON

❀ ❀

THEREFORE, I say, there was little or no excitement in the Army (*i.e.*, my bit of it) about the Cabinet crisis, because the Army has not the time to get excited, nor is excitement permissible on parade-ground, field, range, emplacement, or trench, or wherever one happens to be spending the day. The Army doesn't want excited people in the ranks, and has a way of giving them extra drills or confinement to barracks. What I, therefore, had to tell my inquisitive friend in the train, in reply to his question "what do you chaps think?" was that we don't. The soldier isn't thinking at all about the thing called "the war," and this is rather an important truth for the civilian to get into his or her head. Being a soldier, Tommy is, of course, pro-British. He hasn't had time to be anything else—for to be anti-British, a Pacifist, a Democratic Controller, or anything else of that kind will have required him to have read a heap of literature, which, of course, he hasn't had time to read. It is enough for him that he is a British soldier, under the orders of British officers, fed, clad, and paid by the British Government, and even if the pamphleteers were able to prove that the British Government were hopelessly in the wrong, the soldier could not be influenced in the least thereby. It isn't his affair who's in the right or who's in the wrong: only that he's in khaki, and that the regimental sergeant-major is rumoured to be around with his weather-eye open for clean belts and rifles and done-up buttons.

"W. O. W."

Christmas in the North Sea

PASSED BY CENSOR

Lieut. Beuttler has treated his subject with the humour which becomes almost compulsory in the case of those who face such hardships as the North Sea patrols encoun er daily; but we who spend our Christmas in peace and comfort at home ought to drink our chief toast to these men, who help to make a "Happy Christmas" possible for us

The World War through a Woman's Eyes

BY ROSAMOND BOULTBEE

THE RUMANIAN SITUATION

PRINCE WILLIAM OF HOHENZOLLERN
Who has been nominated by the Kaiser for the throne of Rumania, at present in the occupation of Prince William's brother

If Bucharest and the greater part of Wallachia have gone that is not all Rumania. The present situation really might be worse. For instance, there are no big towns in Western Wallachia, now in German occupation. Bucharest is the only city of any size; and although it is a bright, gay little capital—when Rumanians are in it—there are hardly any historical buildings or monuments. There is nothing, except, perhaps, an old church or two that the Germans will find worth destroying.

❀

Galatz and Jassy are the two cities next in size to Bucharest. Both have about 100,000 inhabitants. Jassy, as we know, is a university town; but Galatz is an important commercial centre. Any wheat of this year's harvest, not used or sold to other countries, is at Galatz. And on the other side of the marshy little river is Russia and Russian reinforcements. It is because of the military importance of the Wallachian frontier into Russia that Jassy, which is much farther from Bucharest than Galatz, has been made the Rumanian Government's temporary seat. The railway between Bucharest and Jassy has evidently been completely occupied in transferring civilians from Bucharest.

❀

There was a considerable row last spring in Jassy. Monsieur Stere, the Rector of Jassy University, acted very unwisely with the students. The trouble was caused by a Monsieur Arion making a speech at the University in favour of Germany. The students refused to listen to him. Monsieur Stere announced that all those students who had created the trouble would not be allowed to present themselves for examination at the end of the academical year. The students then went on strike in a body, to which the Bucharest students showed their sympathy by striking also, many going to Jassy, where a big meeting was held, after which the Jassy students went to the station to speed their Bucharest friends on their return.

❀

After the train had left, the Jassy students repaired to a large café—the gayest in that sleepy little town. Many people were assembled there, including the German and Austrian Consuls. The orchestra played, the students sang, drank beer, and had many toasts. The songs, which included such lines in them as "Down with Austria, Bulgaria, and Turkey" and the "Marseillaise," were sung with much enthusiasm, annoying the Austrian and German Consuls. The German Consul demanded the names of the students. Not the slightest attention was paid to him, so he touched a student on the shoulder, asking his name. The student said: "I don't know you." "I'm the German Consul," was the reply, "and I won't allow such songs to be sung." To which the student rejoined: "I'm in my own country and can sing what I like, and about whom I like." The Consul then presented his card, saying: "I demand satisfaction by arms." "I have no use for your card, and as to satisfaction, we'll give you that later on at Budapest," said the student. The applause after this was uproarious and resulted in the exit of the German and Austrian Consuls from the scene of hilarity.

❀

At Jassy last May I was greatly interested in the preparations made for war. Tracks had been laid from the tram lines up to the doors of buildings which were to be used as hospitals, so that patients could be brought right into them without unnecessary movings. House to house quests had been made for copper and brass, also cotton sheetings were all tabulated to be commandeered later if wanted.

Kicheniev is the queerest little city that I think I have ever seen. It looks like a large mushroom patch, with its wide-eaved cottages, each one painted a different colour, often pale pink or green; but out of these many roofs rise the cupolaed golden domes of the several orthodox churches. The pathways are just beaten into the splendid fertile black soil of Bessarabia, and the streets run in and out embarrassingly to a stranger. It would be hard to find accommodation for a great number of refugees in Kicheniev; but the Russian peasants are a kindly people, and would do what they could.

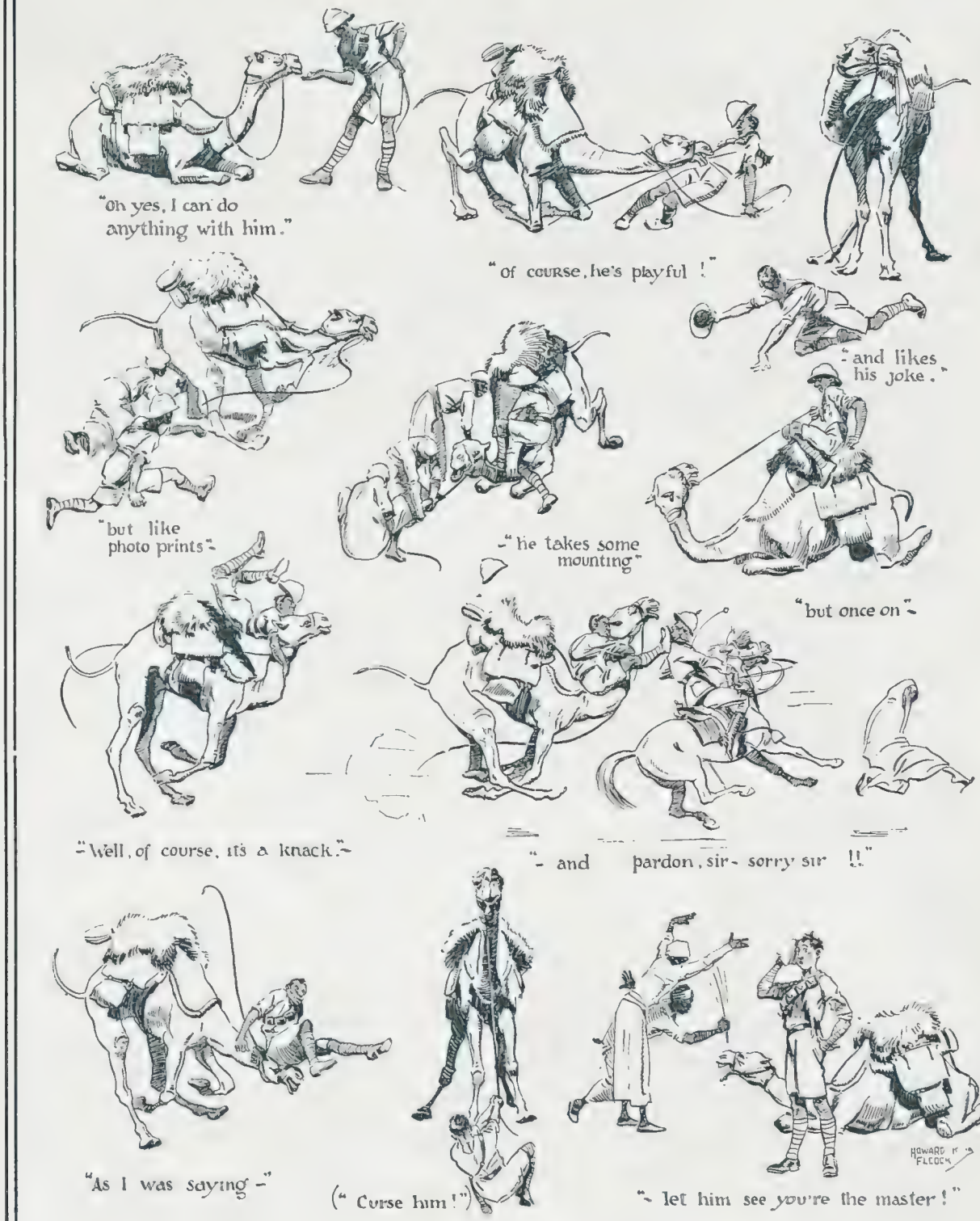
❀

While in Rumania I had reason to make inquiries about the oil production there. Now the Rumanians are a cautious people, and are chary about speculation. I was told that the country, which is so rich in oil, is as yet very little developed. The late King Carol, although so pro-German, would not let either big German or American companies get the oil monopoly under their control. So the oil wells that the Germans now talk so much about are not of much importance in a great war like this. If the country were producing to its complete capacity the situation might be serious; but it needs both labour and time to sink oil wells, and the Germans have neither.

Rosamond Boultbee

The "Oont"

WITH THE CAMEL CORPS SOMEWHERE IN EGYPT



Many of our soldiers are now going through the experiences so poignantly depicted by Mr. Elcock, and finding the truth of Mr. Kipling's verses in the Barrack Room Ballads on the subject of the camel, its vices, vagaries and villainies

"Somewhere in Flanders"

THE HORRORS OF LOVE

My Dear Bystander—

When a *permissionaire* returns to duty one whole day late, only an imagination of the ripest fertility can possibly save him from all the rigours of a *conseil de guerre*, and when my *planton*, Private Castain, slunk in this morning wearing the expression of a man who expects to be shot through the pyjamas at dawn, I feared lest the immensity of the mental proposition which he had been called upon to tackle had defeated him.

⁂ ⁂

But I had misjudged the man completely. Not for Private Castain to explain that he had come over queer and missed the train or that a glass of cognac had deprived him temporarily of his faculties. Not at all. There was nothing *banale* about Private Castain. It was a tale of love's young dream he told, a tale that plucked at the heartstrings in its poignancy.

⁂ ⁂

It seems that Castain has a little *marraine* named Marcelle. He had never met his *chère inconnue*, though letters breathing tenderness and undying constancy had passed between them. It was a source of keen disappointment to Private Castain that Marcelle could only meet him on the last day of his *permission*, when he arrived in Paris to make the longed-for acquaintance of his little "godmother."

⁂ ⁂

They met; and Castain was thrilled to find that his *marraine* was the daintiest little blonde you ever saw, prettier and more charming, indeed, than in his most exalted moments he had dared to imagine. But where to spend the afternoon?

Murmuring something about the well-known beauty of the autumnal tints of fading foliage, Castain suggested a little drive to the Bois in a taxi.

⁂ ⁂

By a stroke of rare good fortune in these barren times a taxi hove suddenly into view, and the next moment Castain and his *marraine* were speeding briskly in the direction of the Concorde.

Given the right conditions, the inside of a taxi has a highly exhilarating effect upon a warm Southern nature, and the wave of tenderness which now suffused the young man's bosom was such as he had not experienced for years. He realised that he was desperately, madly in love. He was just about to impart this interesting information in confidential tones to a little rose-pink ear on his left when a sharp cry of distress impinged upon his hearing. Marcelle was gazing at the taxi-driver's spacious back panorama as if it were some awful spectre. Her mouth opened and shut convulsively. "*Mon . . . mari!*" she gasped at last, her eyes dilating with horror.

"What!" screamed Castain, "the taxi-driver your husband? Impossible!"

⁂ ⁂

It was awfully sad, but only too true. Bit by bit a tearful, frightened voice revealed the hideous truth. To think that out of 10,000 taxi-drivers in Paris they should have happened upon her husband! What had ever induced her, she wondered, to do such a wicked thing? And her husband had recognised her at once. "*Oh! il est tellement jaloux! . . . Il va nous tuer tous les deux! . . . Oh! qu' est ce que je peux faire . . . .?*"

⁂ ⁂

I will not weary the reader by recounting at length the successive phases of this most distressing drive—how Castain's early impulse to garrot the driver with his handkerchief was frustrated by the unfortunate fact of his not having a handkerchief on him; how Marcelle alternately wept and reviled him; how the driver drove twice round the Bois, every now and again turning his head to smile sardonically at the petrified couple inside; how when passing the shimmering waters of the lake he made as if to plunge, thought better of it, and continued his frantic career.

⁂ ⁂

There comes an end to all things, and it was in the desert region of the St. Cloud racecourse that the taxi came to a halt. The driver opened the door. He was a man of few words.

"*Descendez, mon vieux!*" he said, with a grin, "*je n'ai plus d'essence.*" He consulted the meter. "*Y a 66 francs à payer,*" he announced briskly. "Now are you going to pay up cheerfully, my lad, or are we going to have a little argument about it first?"

He was a big, broad man, very strong and very silent, and he had an expression Castain didn't like at all. There was a rapid disbursement of 58 francs and 75 centimes—every cent he had.

With a grunt of satisfaction the driver suddenly hopped on to the box again, and as the taxi whizzed off into the gloaming the face of Marcelle appeared at the window.

"*Au revoir, mon p'tit!*" she cried, with a wave of her hand, "*et merci bien de ton pourboire!*"

Yours ever,
Jack Johnson.

HE KNEW SOMETHING

"Who's the chap with all those parcels?"
"Oh, that's our 'lonely one' with his Secretary"

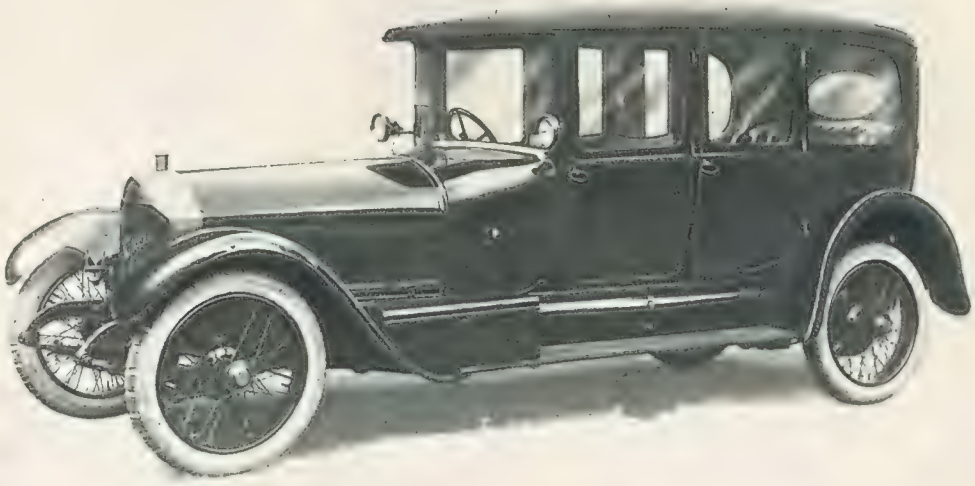
On the "Leave" Train

PASSED BY CENSOR

You will never quite realise how closely we are bound to our French ally until you have had the good fortune to travel on one of those "leave" trains—six a side, windows shut, fifty miles to go, and eighteen hours to do it!

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

NAPIER



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MOTORS

The Bystander in Paris

A CHANCE ENCOUNTER

"We had a prime joint at six francs a kilo"

One meets, of course, so many people at one time and another that there was nothing very surprising in the fact that I couldn't put a name to him immediately. But I knew his face, and his manner was decidedly familiar, so I called him *mon vieux*, shook hands with him warmly, asked him how the old complaint was, said it was a long time since we had seen ourselves, asked him what he became, and let it go at that. He seemed pleased that I was so chatty, too, and confessed that he hated crossing the street by himself. "I haven't got used to the traffic again," he remarked. He didn't wear a Military Cross. He wasn't even in uniform, and though he was rather pale, both his arms and legs seemed normal, and I didn't notice any scars anywhere. You can't ask a man in civilian clothes nowadays whether he has been invalided, because if he hasn't he floods you with explanations which are always void of interest and sometimes painful. So I steered him across the boulevard, remarking merely that when one had been ill the traffic always seemed—and so forth. "*I've* not been ill," he said. "I have never known, in spite of everything, what it is to have had a day's illness." So I changed the subject, and asked him the usual everyday question as to whether he managed to get any coal. "Coal?" he said, "I haven't thought about it. Why shouldn't I manage to get any coal?" I told him he was a "*farceur allez!*" and he looked at me rather queerly, and shrugged his shoulders in a well-I-suppose-he's-got-to-have-his-little-joke manner. And as he didn't remember an appointment and leave me, and I couldn't think of one on the spur of the moment myself, we drifted aimlessly along the boulevards, exchanging the ordinary topics of gossip. I told him that I had managed to get hold of two pounds of lump sugar by a wonderful stroke of luck, and that my wife had found a butcher who probably stole the meat she sold us because we had got a prime joint at six francs a kilo. He stopped short in the middle of the pavement, rubbed his nose, and said: "Six francs a kilo? What an awful price!" I said: "Yes, it *was* rather wonderfully cheap," and wondered whether he had done what I did last Wednesday and been to three music-halls one after another without remembering that, of course, they were shut. He didn't seem to understand. "Ah, yes, of course," he said, "last Wednesday. I am going to the theatre this evening myself," he remarked. "I want to see *Monne* at the Variétés." "You won't see it to-night," said I; "to-night is Friday." "Well," he said, "I'm not such a good Catholic as all that," and when I burst out laughing he stopped and rubbed his nose, with that puzzled look again. Then he suggested that, if I had nothing to do one evening, we might meet at a café somewhere between half-past nine and ten and have a game of dominoes. "I am just as fond of dominoes as ever," he said, "and it's a long time since I've had a really good game." I said I was afraid that it would be some time before we had a game of dominoes in a café between half-past nine and ten in the evening. "Oh?" he asked. I became a little impatient with him. "You've not been on a visit to the moon by any chance, have you?" I said. "Surely you know that all the cafés close at 21.30 nowadays." "At what thirty?" he said. "At twenty-one thirty," said I, "half-past

(Continued on page 654)

"An American who was very angry"

"'All the big shops have been closed for half-an-hour,' I said"

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (*concluded from page 653*)

nine in the evening." "Oh!" said he, "oh, yes, of course!" Then he asked me whether I had been in London lately. I explained that my health had not been very good, and that I rather funked the return journey. "They have a way, you know," said I, "of letting you get down to Southampton and on board the boat, and then you may have to stop there in considerable discomfort for several days before you can get across." He looked worried again. "Oh, of course! I forgot that," he said. We met another man, an American, who was very angry. He wanted to know whether I could help him. He had, he said, an important business meeting in New York, but he had just heard that he couldn't catch next week's boat from Bordeaux, and, of course, the Liverpool route or the Dutch route were out of the question, because it would take him even longer than a week to get his papers. He stormed off. "What papers does he want?" said my companion. "Oh, the usual things," I said. "As he's an American he'll have to go to his own Consulate first and then to the British Permit Office and then to the Police Prefecture, and they all require time for inquiries. "Oh, yes!" said the man, "I never thought of that." It was about half-past eighteen, when he suddenly remembered that he wanted to buy something at the Galeries Laripette. I told him want would have to be his master until next day. "All the big shops have been closed for half an hour," I said, and pointed to

"'I have been in prison since July, 1914,' he said"

several unfriendly shuttered shop-fronts. "Why, so they are," said he. "Never mind, I can get what I want in here." We went in together and chose what he needed by the glimmering light of a candle. "What a nuisance," he said, "I suppose the electric light has gone wrong. But even then they ought to have gas laid on for an emergency like this." "I daresay they have," said I, "but, of course, they can't use it." "Why 'of course'?" he asked. "Oh, I see——," but he evidently didn't. The streets were very empty when we came out of the shop again. It was foggy, too, and there was a little drizzle. "Cheerless sort of evening," he said, "I lunched early and I am going to dine late——. Let's go and have a cup of tea and a cake or two somewhere." I burst out laughing at him. "What a funny chap you are," I said. "You don't seem to remember any of the war conditions. We can't have pastry nowadays. You can't have electrically or gas-lighted shops after eighteen o'clock. You don't seem to realise that sugar and coal are luxuries. You don't seem interested in the prices of food. You talk about crossing the Channel by Calais and Dover. Where on earth have you been?" "I have been in prison since July, 1914," he said. "I am beginning to think I should be more comfortable if I were back there again."

IT'S very awkward to meet a man whose face you know, and not to be able to remember who he is, isn't it? This fellow's crime wasn't even a sensational one. Most annoying! JOHN N. RAPHAEL

LIGHT ON THE LAW (A REFLECTION). TIME—DUSK

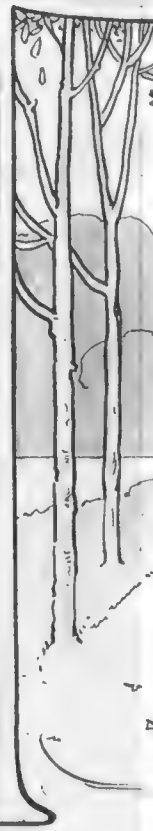
DRIVER; "Time to light up, constable? So strict nowadays; what?"
CONSTABLE: "Not time just yet, sir. They'll 'ave to put all them window lights out before lightin'-up time"

The A.B. on the Continong

"VANG ORDINAIRE"!

BY ARTHUR WATTS

Novelties
Wartime Fashions



Photographs

This page of special Paris Photographs, straight from the Boulevards, gives the very latest ideas in Fa
advantage, and, very na

for NOËL
on the Boulevards

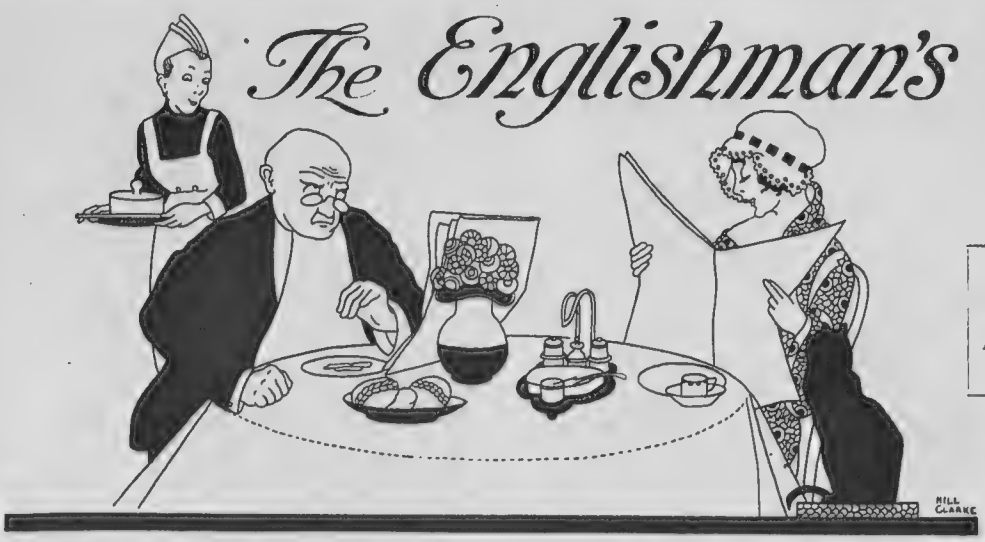
Fur Fashions, as shown by the fair Parisiennes who certainly appear to know how to wear them to the best naturally, to enjoy doing so

"A Pierrot's Christmas"

Photograph *Weather and Boys*

A delightful scene from "A Pierrot's Christmas" at the Apollo Theatre, showing Norman McKinnel as "Pierrot" and little Joan Morgan as the waif who visits him

The Englishman's Tea



BY "EFEMERA"

Illustrated by Hill Clarke

The Booby Prize

THERE used to be, and probably still exists, a card game beloved of the simple-minded, called "hearts," in which the more tricks you lost the more points you won. And who has not happy recollections of the consolation or booby prize that so admirably soothed the sting of unsuccessful endeavour? There is a good deal to be said for rewarding demerit when it is sufficiently preposterous, at least, from the point of view of the humorist.

* *

Eggs and Ideas

WERE I a multi-millionaire nothing would amuse me more than to establish a fund for providing prizes for the originators of grotesque suggestions and schemes, particularly those who cackle over their new-laid, unhatched ideas in the public prints. An egg in these hard times is something worth cackling over, as every self-respecting hen well knows; but most of the ideas one sees, especially those sicklied o'er with the pale cast of economy, are really not worth writing home about except in derision—and are, therefore, highly eligible for a prize.

* *

The Hour of Tea

WERE I, as I have just said, a multi-millionaire, I should hasten to confer a noble prize upon the gentleman who urges in the interest of national economy and the conservation of our food supply that we should give up that most characteristic of all our meals—afternoon tea. What is the most agreeable moment of the day? Not breakfast, certainly, with its aura of bacon, bad temper, and morning paper. Not lunch, which is often hurried, and frequently neither fish, flesh, nor fowl—a resurrection of left-overs. Not even dinner, which is a serious business, not to be approached with unseemly levity. Supper may be gay, even uproarious, but it lacks the intimate charm, the relaxation, of tea. Could anything be more delightful on a cold, wet afternoon than having slipped into a comfortable (and most becoming) teagown and slippers, to seat oneself between a steaming teapot flanked by an array of tiny sandwiches, scones, buns, cakes big and little, and a real, live fire? If, added to all this, you have the person you love best in the world to keep you company, even a book of verses, a loaf of bread, and a flask of wine underneath the bough seem very small beer in comparison. In the wilderness it may be the thing to sing, but at teatime, with drawn curtains and a fire, one—well, one whispers.

* *

The Tea of England

IF you use the word "British" or "English" to a foreigner, what image do you suppose immediately leaps to his mind? Not the British navy or the British lion, or even the British Parliament. Not the British fox and his hunter, or the Bank of England, or the British spinster, or plum-pudding, or roast beef. These may once upon a time, or in successive times, have represented the essence of Britishness to the foreign mind, but of late years one symbol has reigned supreme: afternoon tea—*le five* (pronounced feeve) *o'clock, il té*—any language you like. The Chinaman has his tea, so has the Japanese and the Russian, but only the Briton has evolved the full glory of afternoon tea. Wherever the Briton goes his afternoon tea and his tea room follow him. Anglophils all over the world have followed his example. To be afternoon tealess

(*Continued on page 560*)

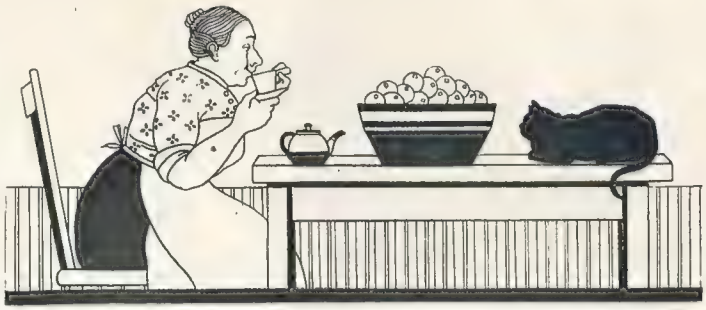
"Le Five-o'clock"

THE ENGLISHMAN'S TEA (concluded from page 659)

is to be incorrect, behind the times. It is no longer possible for elderly ladies, even in provincial France, to decline the friendly cup with the sarcastic phrase: "*Merci, je ne suis pas malade!*"

The Centre of Gravity

IF Elizabethan England owed her characteristics to beef and beer, the England of our day is certainly the fruit of the afternoon tea-table; and I think we can, without undue temerity, challenge comparison. Tea and golf would seem to be quite as productive of courage as beer and bowls. The Englishman's day centres round his tea, so do his habits of mind and body. The tea-hour supplies just that interval of relaxation so necessary to mental and physical health in the arduous modern existence. As for the Englishwoman, from duchess to charlady, tea is her first necessity of life. Take it away from her, and she is of all created beings the most miserable. She will cheerfully rough it in strange lands, travel on foot, on mule-back, in springless carts; she will defy heat and cold and insects, she will eat strange foods or draw in her belt: she will dispense with a bed, and even forgo a bath, and do it all cheerfully, but let the tea-basket go astray and the heavens fall forthwith.



"As for the Englishwoman, from Duchess to char-lady, tea is her first necessity of life.

One Thing Needful

I BELIEVE that if a census were to be taken of the British people asking them to name one article indispensable to life, health, and the pursuit of happiness the answer would be—tea. What else could it be? Name any other thing you can think of, and some persons will declare themselves ready to go without it—soap, for instance, or meat, or feathers, or spring-mattresses—but the demand for tea is unanimous. You can see it at the front. Frills are dispensed with in the trenches, but do you think Tommy would do without his tea? It is not a frill, it is a necessity of life, the backbone of the British nation. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that the British Empire is bound together by chains of tea-leaves.

True Economy

AND yet it is afternoon tea, the mainspring of our national existence, that this economically minded gentleman would have us give up! Of course, the idea is utterly preposterous, and there is not the slightest danger of any whole-hearted, tea-nurtured Briton following such nonsensical advice; but, as we know to our sorrow, cranks will spring up even in the most stolid communities, and in case anyone has been impressed by the plea for tealessness, I should like to point out that afternoon tea instead of being a waste of foodstuffs is actually an economy. Has the anti-tea economist not observed that the person who eats a hearty tea has little appetite left for dinner? Now toast, made of stale bread, spread with margarine and jam (I don't know what the jam you buy is made of), cress or other sandwiches, scones, and buns are not expensive things to provide. No, my dear economist, a *late* and pious afternoon tea is one of the greatest economies that can be devised. EFFEMERA

MISS NANCY ALWYN,

Played in "To-night's the Night," a popular Gaiety actress, who recently retired from the stage to take up war work and has made a vow not to return until the Germans are beaten

CHRISTMAS "EVE"

BY BLAMPIED

Helping the Country

It appears that in addition to lending our money to to the Government, and not using a motor-car for pleasure, we can all help the country by keeping fowls. Thus we shall not only prevent the paying away of good British money for the foreign yolk (I apologise; but it is usually done) but we avoid the risk of being served at breakfast with an egg that is, as it were, over military age.

⁂ ⁂

When, therefore, I read in my evening paper that it was my duty as a patriot to keep fowls, I felt that I ought to answer the call. The paper very considerately gave some simple directions as to how a useful chicken-run could be built quite cheaply; and as we are all studying cheapness in war time, I decided to take the work in hand myself. My paper said that people who built their own fowl-houses were helping the country; and I have no sympathy with the man who does not believe what he reads in his evening paper.

⁂ ⁂

When the work was finished I called our local carpenter in to have a look at it. He spent some time in discoursing on the inadvisability of leaving certain people alone with a tool-box; and then he was indiscreet enough to lean with his elbow on the work of my hands.

⁂ ⁂

When I had fished him out of the wreckage, he pointed out that I was clearly liable for damages under at least three sections of the Workmen's Compensation Act; after which, he "knocked something together" for five pounds ten shillings, and claimed ten shillings extra for the moral damage to his elbow. It seemed he had not been able to use the elbow for two clear days, and that is a privation for a thirsty man. Still, I felt it was helping the country, so I did not grudge the money.

⁂ ⁂

One of the chief difficulties the amateur fowl-keeper has to contend with is the kindly interest of his neighbours, especially if he lives in the country, where practically everybody is an expert bird-fancier. After I had had my fowls for about six months a man came in and looked at them. He said that I had over-fed them, and that they would never lay eggs, but were only fit for killing.

Then another man came along and said that from the look of the birds he should say they had been practically starved, and that he had half a mind to notify the case to the local inspector of nuisances, or whoever it is.

⁂ ⁂

When I set out for the first time to kill one of my fowls, I felt as a man does who is about to embark upon a career of desperate crime. It seemed to me certain that my photograph would be printed in all the following Sunday's papers, with a request to the reader to note carefully the low forehead and receding chin, details usually peculiar to criminals of the most hardened sort.

⁂ ⁂

I am more callous now, of course; but at the time I felt my position keenly, like the prisoner at the bar. I appealed to my victim to help the country by surrendering unconditionally. Instead, it retreated backwards into a corner and began talking rapidly to itself as if it were reviewing my past career, and was anxious to let everybody know that if it chose to say all it knew about me it could give me away rather badly.

⁂ ⁂

The normally tender-hearted man, who has never killed a fowl before, is unwittingly liable to give his victim a good deal of quite unnecessary anxiety about its approaching end. After I had been engaged for about half an hour, with varying fortunes, in killing my first bird, a stern voice called to me from the house to inquire whether that fowl was dead yet.

I replied that while I could not flatter myself that it was actually dead, I was open to bet that I had made it feel extremely unwell.

I know now from experience that it is easier to kill a hen than to make it lay eggs. My fowls for the table are at the moment costing me about a guinea apiece, and we are still buying from local dealers new-laid eggs that must have long since attained their majority. But, then, we are helping the country, and that's everything.

Arnold Golsworthy

"SWANK" AT THE OPERA, 1918

Mrs. Levy wearing her celebrated Lump-Sugar

Concentrate! Concentrate! Concentrate!

In obedience to the commands of German Professordom, which has discovered the powers conferred by concentration, the German people are here disclosed in the hearty enjoyment of their Christmas dinner. The effect of the British blockade upon the larder is thus happily reduced to merely negligible dimensions

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS

"London Pride" at Wyndham's Theatre

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

This is a war play. It is also a series of profoundly interesting pictures of real life in war and peace, showing the transition of Cuthbert Tunks (Mr. Gerald du Maurier) from the state of a brisk young costermonger to that of a gallant soldier decorated "for valour." The first scene shows us Cuthbert's home, one of a row of houses in the East End of London, where the residents take the Sunday morning air in their doorways, while their ladies, seated on the doorsteps below, prepare the vegetables for dinner. Then comes news of the declaration of war. Young Cuthbert surprises his family by the announcement that he has decided to enlist. All his friends in the neighbourhood are doing so, and he is not going to stand out. This makes a very good start for *London Pride*, and we recognise it as true to life. The coming war is briefly discussed by the wiseacres of the place, one of whom is quite surprised to hear that we are going to fight against Germany, as he had always understood it had been the intention of the Government to hold the war in Ireland!

MISS MABEL RUSSELL AND MR GERALD DU MAURIER

✲

Cuthbert takes a hurried farewell of his "people," including Cherry Walters, his "donah" (Miss Mabel Russell), and then leaves them to their grief. This scene is quite realistic enough for "people" who have been through the ordeal, and if it could be moderated without in any way interfering with its artistic excellence, it might prove a little less distressing for them. The next act takes us right into the trenches. Cuthbert has already distinguished himself; but his chief anxiety at the moment is with regard to his "leafe." His promised week has been postponed; and Cuthbert is eloquent on the subject accordingly, explaining noisily to his chums that that's the way the British Army treats you, and all that kind of thing. He also says that as his leave was promised he shall take it at the first opportunity on his own account, a very dangerous resolution to form in war-time. As it happens, just then a call is being made for volunteers for a bombing-party, and Cuthbert is one of the first to go. He is a delightful type of the usual "grouser" who grumbles at trifles and regards extra risks as being his own particular job.

✲

A little later Cuthbert hears that Cherry, his "donah," has suffered a reverse of fortune and has left her home. This time he puts his programme of self-authorised "leafe" into practice. He exchanges identification discs with a "casualty," and makes a run for it. Later on we find him in hospital in England under an assumed name. During his flight he was wounded in the leg; and to avoid awkward inquiries as to his name he pretends that he is suffering also from loss of memory. This scheme works out admirably until he is identified by Cherry, who happens to be ward-maid at the hospital. Cuthbert is obliged to make a show of insisting that he has not the honour of Cherry's acquaintance; but you cannot hope to bluff a true and loving sweetheart like that! Complications ensue that involve a confession of the truth; but, of course, all ends up happily.

✲

Mr. du Maurier is quite delightful as the coster-hero, and Miss Mabel Russell as Cherry, the "donah," is most successful. A fine piece of acting, too, is that of Mr. Alfred Bishop as Cuthbert's aged father. Much of the dialogue is witty, and the frequent changes of scene give the play all the agreeable charm of a modern revue. But here and there, I think, the realism is laid on with rather too heavy a hand. It is all very well to protest that it is our duty to familiarise ourselves with the ravages of war; but allowance might be made for perspective. We have it on first-hand authority that the trouble "out there" is less dreadful when you are in the thick of it than when you are merely an onlooker a safe distance away.

JINGLE

The Costermonger as Soldier

"LONDON PRIDE," AT WYNDHAM'S THEATRE

is a capital little study of real life in peace and war, which gives Mr. Gerald du Maurier and Miss Mabel Russell a fine opportunity for two excellent sketches of coster character

BELLICOSITIES

THE French soldiers are given leave every three months, and it is suggested that the British should have the same concession. The War Office, however, thinks that French leave would be subversive of discipline.

A DISTINGUISHED, if excitable, publicist tells us that in spite of the splendid new Government we must set our teeth. We have done so, but if it happens again someone will have to buy us a new set.

EVERYONE seems to think that Mr. Lloyd George is the round man in the round hole at last. Mr. Lloyd George himself thinks it's top hole, and if anyone knows a better one, he can go to it.

FALKENHAYN'S motto: "*J'y suis, j'y Bucharest.*"

MR. EDWIN TATE, the well-known Cubist, says that we are still using too much sugar. No matter, sweets to the sweet, or, as they say across the Channel, Tate-à-Tate.

"WE make no apology," says the *Globe*, "for returning to the subject of food. At present it is in everybody's mouth. . . ." But we suppose it soon won't be!

"GERMANS husbanding their men," the *Morning Post* informs us. Well, well! we suppose they must—if they want to husband their women!

THEY are going to have talking-machines in trams, we hear, to save conductors. When the tram stops the machine will call out the name of the stopping-place. Why not adapt this scheme to the House of Commons? Fill it with talking-machines and let the mere talkers go to the war.

THE *Daily Mail's* poster remarks: "A GOOD GOVERNMENT —BUT——." Awfully hard to please some people, isn't it? Well, well! We suppose every goat must have its butt—though we don't suppose Mr. Balfour minds

NOW that the number of members of "The War Cabinet" is settled, the Germans will soon know how many beans make five. All its members are, we understand, absolutely full of 'em.

NOTHING in the story of the late Government crisis was more impressive than the news that the ex-Premier was "much moved" at his party meeting. As his successor would be the first to admit, it took a tremendous lot to move him.

WHEN the new Food Controller comes to grips with the sugar question he must expect to be asked whether he is prepared to set a good example by surrendering a portion, at least, of his personal share of the sweets of office.

NEW motto for the Power that holds the Trident of the Seas: "*Beatty Possidentes!*"

A GALLANT French soldier of the Alpine Chasseurs, though badly mangled in action, is said to have come out of hospital "held together by a silver jacket." But you may be sure that he owes his recovery, in the first instance, to his own still more precious "mettle."

MR. ARTHUR PONSONBY, of the U.D.C., bids flat defiance to his Stirling constituents, who have called upon him to resign his seat in Parliament. He wants them to understand that it is no use their attempting to try "Democratic Control" on *him!*

ACCORDING to a men's fashion paper, two well-known peers have declared that, "war or no war," they will continue to wear silk hats. We hasten to warn them that, if they persist in their contumacy, the consequences will be upon their own heads.

FORGETTING HIS FRIEND

NEW RECRUIT (absent-mindedly, to cadger): "Get out! You go and tell that to the Marines!"

"I feel decidedly tempted---"

"THEY smell good. What sort are they—Kenilworths? I thought so. Even *I* could tell that they were something rather above the ordinary."

Kenilworths are the most soothing and seductive cigarettes imaginable.

You will find that Kenilworth Cigarettes at 1/- for 20 compare favourably with the most expensive brands you can buy in Bond Street. They are made of mellow, golden Virginia leaf yielding a fascinating aroma.

Some "over-sized" cigarettes are padded out with cheap tobaccos of inferior quality, grown in other countries, and known in the trade as "substitutes." But Kenilworth Cigarettes are made of pure Virginia tobacco, and nothing else.

Make sure of getting the "real thing in the right size"; ask for Kenilworths by name.

Kenilworth Cigarettes will compare favourably with any Virginia Cigarettes you can obtain, no matter how high the price. Yet Kenilworths only cost 1/- for 20; 2/1 for 50; 4/8 for 100. If your Tobacconist does not stock them, send his name and address and 1/- in stamps for sample box post free.

FOR THE FRONT.—We will post Kenilworth Cigarettes to Soldiers at the front, specially packed in airtight tins of 50 at 2/6 per 100, duty free. Postage 1/- for 200 to 300; 1/4 up to 900. Minimum order 200. Order through your Tobacconist or send remittance direct to us.

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Liaison Letters from John to Jacques

THEN AND NOW

CHER AMI—

ON the great highway between your country and mine, the *Via Appia*, as it were, of the two nations, a great change has been wrought. You have, perhaps, noticed it in your quick, imaginative French way. But if you have not, it is interesting to reflect upon. I refer, of course, to the short route between London and Paris. The Censor says I may not name the itinerary, though *Dieu sait pourquois pas!* Having travelled this way many times before the war, and since, I am left with a keen sense of its humour and its pathos. You and I registered a quite unnecessary amount of luggage together one summer morning at the London terminus in the year we crowned a King. You remember? We lolled *en prince* to Paris, and dined sumptuously at 7.30 that evening at the Griffon. We drove leisurely to the station next morning, and boarded the Pullman at 10 45.

❋ ❋

WE stretched our legs and were content. The boat-train, with pride of place, swished smoothly past the Kent stations. We yawned occasionally and looked out of the window at the ripening hops; at sudden, snatched visions of children waving from a gate; at the swelling bosom of the Downs—and the long train bumped round the bend into the harbour station. A swarm of vociferous porters invaded us as the train died to a standstill; "thirty-eight, sir," and he disappeared with my suit-case into the maelstrom of disembarkation. Two deck-chairs on the leeside, and, as we lie back with a second cigar, the purser, known to us both, passes with a cheery "Mornin', gentlemen. Yes, as smooth as glass outside."

❋ ❋

SHE slides out of harbour. We pass pleasure-parties in small boats, who wave at us. A stately white yacht, with the squadron's pennant, lies a mile out, and men on her deck in white flannels scan us through binoculars from the depths of deep chairs. The French town looms up in the middle distance, soft in the haze, inviting. A bell tinkles in the engine-room, the boat swings round, backs and churns, big brown fenders are thrown overside, and we knock gently at the door of France. A babel of tongues breaks out, blue-smocked porters acclaim us, "*Voilà, m'sieur, par-ici s'il vous plait.*" We are all inured to this, for we are a much-travelled lot with long purses, and so all is made easy. We saunter towards the hissing Paris train alongside, select our corners, and stroll about the platform in our immaculate flannel suits, while somewhere or other, we suppose, the dirty work of travel is being attended to. After a heavy *déjeuner* in the train we doze composedly, and it is only when she slows down and begins to jolt over points in Paris suburbs that we realise she is nearly half an hour late; "awful rot, this is, you know—these French railways . . .," etc.

THE same journey in the days of Armageddon. Your duties take you to the French capital. Your luggage consists of a bulging haversack and a small Government despatch-case. You are clad in the national colour, albeit very old and dirty, and, therefore, you are the legitimate prey of men who, having buried their real names and personalities in the family vault, are now known to you as the R.T.O., the E.O., and the Base Commandant. Your sole right to live, move, and have your being is the possession of a piece of dun-coloured paper known as a "movement order." This informs anyone who may be interested in you that you "will proceed" to So-and-So. Lose it, and you are completely undone.

❋ ❋

YOU sleep fitfully, because a terror has gripped you that you will lose the train and your military reputation at the same time. In the small hours you arise and make for the train. There are no women travelling; a few stand about with their men, trying not to cry. Most of your fellow-passengers are leaving their little all behind after eight days of comparative happiness. Consequently we all smoke much and say little. Nobody shows the least trace of emotion, that is bad form; but the expression "it's a dog's life" sits on most faces. The boat is filled almost to asphyxiation with men returning to throw dice with death again. Many of us, owing to last night's waywardness, succumb to the elements in the stuffy saloon. After a purgatorial hour or so she battles her way in. Men, caked to the chin in mud, stand about the harbour and watch us cynically as we collect by the gangway; they are, for the most part, officers' servants who have learned the necessity of being wooden-faced at all times and in all places. Indeed, throughout these journeyings nowadays you are struck by the complete impassivity of the men everywhere. The mills of war grind small, and their product is duty in varying forms, monotonous if you like, arduous always, amusing seldom—*mais que voulez vous?*

❋ ❋

THE khaki crowd disappear, in mud-bespattered cars, upon their lawful occasions, and you seek the Paris train. She does not go for a very long time; and when she does it is at a wheezing twenty-miles-an-hour gait, with frequent and prolonged stoppages. She eventually reaches the Gare du Nord, in the teeth of strong opposition *en route*. But, like Gallio, you care for none of these things. You are a changed entity in these times; you and those others who left London with you. The trivialities of life affect you not at all, now. There is one purpose in all things, and one end. And to that end you and your brethren strive with the relentless vigour of a slow starting but strong finishing race of men. Is it not so, *mon vieux?*

Adieu, JOHN

see that you give the British Pen !

"See where it is made.

Examine any pen you think of buying this Christmas, and see where it is made. If it is a British-made Onoto, put it in your parcel. If it is "Made in——" anywhere else, put it on the Black List.

To buy any foreign pen when you can get the Onoto weakens our power in the war. It is like buying "dollar securities" instead of British War Loan.

The Onoto Self-filling Safety is the one really satisfactory pen. It fills itself from any ink supply, and never leaks, sweats or refuses to write. And the Onoto is all British.

The Military size Onoto is the pen the soldier likes best.

Onoto Self-filling Safety Fountain Pens at all Stationers, etc., from 12/6 *upwards. Also Onoto-Valveless, for those who do not want a Self-filling Safety Pen, from* 10/6 *upwards.*

the British Pen is the Onoto

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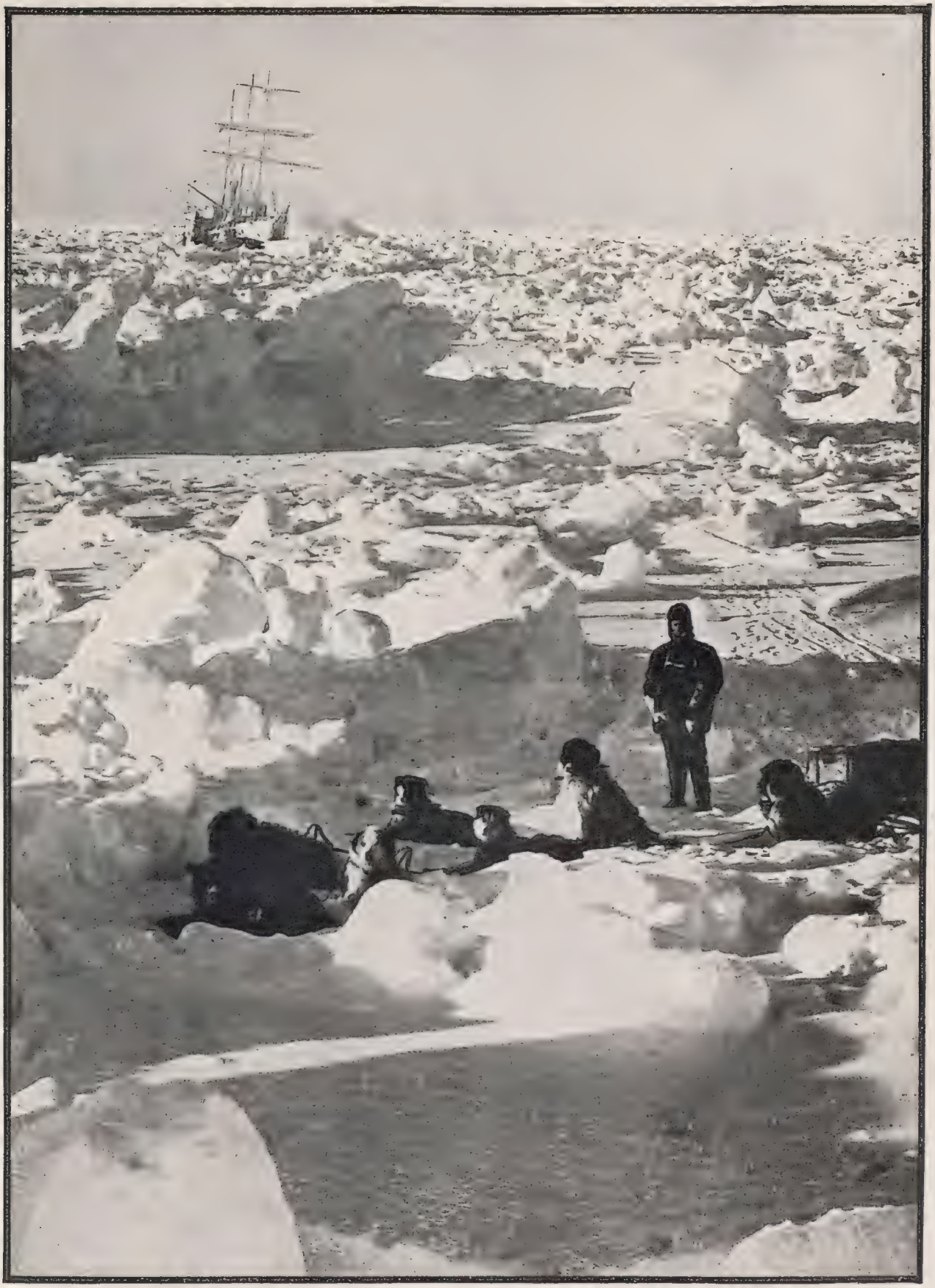
"In Durance Vile"



Photograph *Frank Hurley*

SIR ERNEST SHACKLETON'S SHIP "ENDURANCE"

On its South Polar Expedition, locked in the drifting ice-fields of the Weddell Sea. Amidst this extraordinary chaos of ice-ridges and hummocks the "Endurance" remained for ten months, crushed in a grip of iron from which she never fully recovered

Christmas & New Year Gift Books

A GOOD SELECTION IN SPITE OF THE WAR

THE third war Christmas, paper famine, depleted printing and editorial staffs, everybody, or nearly everybody, at the front, or nearly at the front, and yet—Christmas Gift Books. Not so expensively sumptuous, perhaps, as in pre-war days, but still quite a surprising number of them, and all as bright and as cheery as ever. Most of them, as usual, are meant for the kiddies, but others will appeal to the grown-ups at home and on the different battle fronts.

Foremost among the latter is yet another Bairnsfather Christmas Gift Book, *Bullets and Billets*, published at 5*s.*, and obtainable from these offices. This volume must not be confused with the Bairnsfather gift book already reviewed in our Christmas Number. Each is a gem of humour, but quite distinctly different from the other. *Bullets and Billets* has been written throughout by Bairnsfather himself, and is illustrated as only he can illustrate. It is the record of Bairnfather's joys and sorrows during his first six months of the war in France. The author tells us in his foreword that he claims no unique quality for the experiences he records, but, somehow, the famous soldier-artist is unique in himself, and has in this story of his impressions "out there," as in his "Fragments" drawings, portrayed the inner feelings of the boys in the firing line. A chapter is devoted to the "Lull in Hate" that occurred on Christmas Day, 1914, about which so many rumours were circulated at the time. It is interesting to get first-hand stories of those happenings from such a pen and pencil as Captain Bairnsfather's. A craze has sprung up for making complete collections of every Bairnsfather production, and this latest fragment should make a valuable addition. The story ends with the return of the author to Blighty and hospital; himself, as he characteristically puts it, a "Fragment from France."

Edmund Dulac's Fairy Book

No collection of Christmas gift books is complete without a "Dulac," and this year Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton have well maintained their reputation in the production of *Edmund Dulac's Fairy Book* (6*s.*). The volume is easily one of the best gift books we have seen this year, and is beautifully illustrated in colour, as only the famous artist can illustrate such themes. It is a pleasant surprise, too, in these days of shortage of good paper and printing facilities to find that the colour reproductions are easily well up to the fine standard of this publishing house.

ONE OF THE MANY ILLUSTRATIONS TO "BULLETS AND BILLETS," BY CAPTAIN BAIRNSFATHER

A TYPICAL ILLUSTRATION FROM "EDMUND DULAC'S FAIRY BOOK"

"Poetical Works of John Keats"

Is a volume of quite a different nature, produced by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton. It is ably edited by Laurence Binyon, and includes a critical essay by the Poet Laureate—Mr. Robert Bridges. The colour illustrations, which are numerous, are excellent examples of the work of Mr. Claude A. Shepperson, A.R.W.S. The book is published at 6*s.* net, and should be well received by the public.

"The Allies Fairy Book"

(Heinemann: 6*s.* net). On a par with the necessity of including a Dulac among one's selection of Christmas gift books is the necessity for obtaining a Rackham. This famous artist's work needs no further advertisement from us than just to tell you that there is one. This year *The Allies Fairy Book*, edited by Edmund Gosse, C.B., LL.D., is a good deal more than a beautiful book for children, and I can well imagine that the youngster who receives a copy as a Christmas gift will probably see it in the hands of the "grown-ups" at home more often than in his own. To say that the illustrations are equal to Arthur Rackham's usual work is a sufficient guarantee of the success of the volume.

"Patsy in Willow-Pat Land"

(Duckworth: 3*s.* 6*d.* net) is a charming volume by Rowland R. Gibson, and is excellently illustrated by Maud Tindal-Atkinson. The idea of the book sprang, the author tells us, from a willow-pattern screen in one of the wards of the Lady of Sussex Lodge Hospital, in which he spent five months after being hit by a German bullet.

(*Continued on page 671*)

As British Warm

The "QUORN"

As Combination Trench Coat

Combination Trench Coat and British Warm.

(No. 3 PATTERN)

"Two Perfect Garments in One."

ALL the proved qualities which have justly made the "QUORN" Trench Coat so famous are embodied in this dual garment, the detachable special Fleece Lining of which, worn separately, constitutes a smartly-cut British Warm.

The advantages of combining these two essential articles of an officer's kit are many, not the least being the reduction effected both in space and weight of kit.

PRICE **8½ Guineas,** post free.

Only measurements required to ensure a perfect fit:—Chest, length of sleeve from centre of back to length desired, and height.

The "QUORN" Trench Coat (No. 1 Pattern) for Trench, Camp or Saddle. Absolutely waterproof and light in weight. With saddle gusset, and detachable fleece lining, which can be used separately as a dressing-gown or warm covering at night. Price, without detachable lining, **£4 : 7 : 6.** With lining, **£6 : 12 : 6.** Post free.

The "QUORN" Trench Coat (No. 2 Pattern) with Extension Flap to protect the knees. An ideal Garment for the Trenches or the Saddle. When not in use the extension flaps button up to the inside of the skirt. Price, without detachable lining, **£4 : 7 : 6.** With detachable fleece lining, **£6 : 12 : 6.** Post free.

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FORMOSA OOLONG TEA

THE TEA OF CONNOISSEURS.

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the most charming place in London for

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FORMOSA OOLONG TEA

Pure per lb. **2/10, 3/10**

Blend per lb. **2/7, 3/4, 4/4**

Formosa Oolong Tea (Pure and Blended) can be obtained at Ridgways, Ltd., London; R. Twining & Co., Ltd., London; and Andrew Melrose & Co., Edinburgh, and their branches and agencies throughout the United Kingdom.

Exquisite!

Zenobia Lily of the Valley is most favoured where taste is most cultured. Its delightful perfume is the very soul of this sweetest of flowers; with all the faithfulness to Nature that sets "Zenobia" Perfumes in a class apart.

Zenobia Lily of the Valley is sold at 2/3, 3/11, 6/9 & 11/6 per bottle.

Two other "Zenobia" Favourites are: Zenobia Sweet Pea Blossom and Zenobia Night Scented Stock—each a most charming Perfume, and an original Zenobia production. Sold at 2/9, 3/11, 5/6, & 11/6 per bottle.

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TRUE FLOWER PERFUMES

Zenobia Eau de Cologne will delight and refresh you more truly than any other; its fragrance is unusually lasting. Sold at 1/3, 2/6 and 5/- per bottle, of chemists, stores, etc.

All Zenobia Perfumes are British Made.

ZENOBIA, LTD., Loughborough, LEICESTERSHIRE.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR GIFT BOOKS (continued from page 572)

"English Nursery Rhymes"

(A and C. Black : 5*s*.) should find a very warm welcome everywhere where there are children. Its author has achieved his object of making it thoroughly and unmistakably English in every detail, and the rhymes have been obviously very carefully chosen by Miss L. Edna Walter, who edits the volume. A novel feature of the work is the inclusion of a selection of the most popular melodies with the rhymes. The old tunes handed down by tradition from nursery to nursery are, happily, as much loved as ever, and Miss Broadwood's harmonies give a charming addition to their intrinsic beauty. The illustrations and decorative borders by Miss Dorothy M. Wheeler are exceptionally good, both in colour and design. The artist has given us real children in her drawings as well as the mythical friends that youngsters love so well.

French Fairy Tales

Somehow the modern youngster gives one the impression of having heard all about the stale old fairy tales of our childhood before he arrived on the scene, and for this reason, real or imaginary, something new in this direction is very welcome. Therefore, *Children's Stories from French Fairy Tales* (Raphael Tuck : 4*s*. net) should prove rather a success with the kiddies. The fairy stories of France are world-renowned, and this little volume contains an excellent selection of the most brilliant and entertaining. The letterpress is from the pen of Doris Ashley, and the book is profusely illustrated in colour and black-and-white by Mabel Lucie Attwell.

ONE OF THE MANY ILLUSTRATIONS TO "ALL THE RUMOURS"

Actual evidence have I none,
But my aunt's charwoman's sister's son
Heard a po'iceman on his beat
Say to a housemaid in Downing Street
That he had a brother, who had a friend
Who knew when the war was going to end

"All the Rumours"

One of the cheeriest little shilling's worth of nonsense in the way of Christmas books is a little volume by Reginald Arkell, published by Messrs. Duckworth and Co. *All the Rumours* is its title, and it is humorously illustrated throughout by Alfred Leete. The history of the book is closely connected with THE BYSTANDER, for it was in these pages that Mr. Arkell wrote the now famous verse illustrated on this page. This rhyme was reprinted and quoted very widely, and its popularity was such that Mr. Arkell was persuaded to write other similar merry verses and produce them in book form. The little volume should have a great success.

(*Continued on page 576*)

"Heaven in Hades"

From the "Rilette" painting to the commission of H. Dennis Bradley.

POPE & BRADLEY
Civil, Military & Naval Tailors

"TRENCHERS"

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

IT is an anomaly that the Trench Coat, a garment vitally essential for officers on active service, should remain non-regulation. In consequence, a heterogenous collection of designs and materials exist, and the qualities and practicability of many are dubious.

The new "Waterproof Trencher" designed by Pope & Bradley for the winter of 1916-17, is the outcome of experience, and has been produced by them in its present form after careful consultation with senior officers of the Service.

The rigours of winter trench warfare, the torrential rains, the mud, slime, and intense cold, render any but the finest materials useless. So much so that a military writer recently stated that **nothing** could stand the wet in France for more than half-an-hour. In contradiction, the new "Trencher" is impervious to the heaviest storm.

The material used is one exclusively manufactured for Pope & Bradley, and in its production the cost has no been considered. The use of oil-silk as an interlining has been abandoned because of the evils of condensation. For extra warmth the detachable fleece lining is retained. The great features of this new coat are the material for the outer cover, and the design of the model.

Even with the enormous rise in the price of materials, economy in a coat of this description would be fatal. The Pope & Bradley "Trencher" is the best possible to produce, and compatibly its price is moderate. Officers abroad may order by self-measurement.

The price with detachable fleece lining is **£6 6s.**, without fleece, **£5 5s.**

Service Jackets ..	from £4 4 0	Naval Superfine D.B. Jacket	from £4 4 0
Slacks	,, 1 10 0	Vest	,, 1 1 0
Bedford Cord Breeches	,, 2 12 6	Trousers	,, 1 18 0
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A new book of Service and Mufti requirements compiled by H. Dennis Bradley, will be sent upon application.

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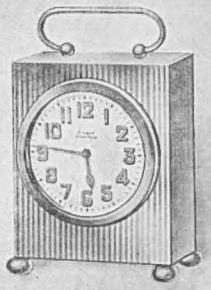

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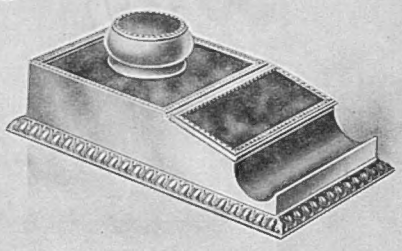

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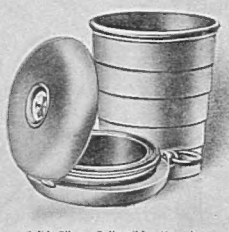

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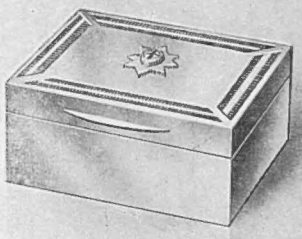
£1 0 0

Cigarette Holder of Finest Amber with quill mouthpiece, enamel band ornament, **£2 7 6**



Cigarette Box in Khaki Bronze Finish, with regimental badge and ribbon, lined cedar.

Length 3½ ins.,	£1 12 6	4½ ins.,	£2 5 0
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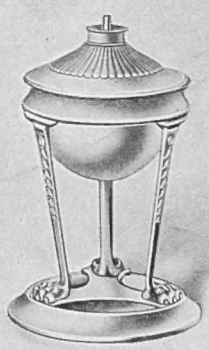

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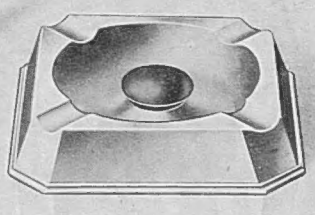

Silver Ash Tray, with Ebony Knocker,
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CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR GIFT BOOKS (*concluded from page 674*)

The Y.M.C.A. Gift Book

For two excellent reasons *Told in the Huts* (Jarrold and Sons: 3*s.* 6*d.* net) should be included among the Christmas gifts this year. One is that the volume is more than worth the price asked for it, and the other reason is that it is published for the benefit of the Y.M.C.A. Active Service Campaign in all parts of the world. The volume is dedicated to H.M. Queen Alexandra, and contains, among many others, autographed contributions from Princess Victoria, Lady Beatty, and General Birdwood. The book deals chiefly with the thrilling adventures of our troops at the front, and many of the experiences have been written by the men themselves. Another interesting fact about the volume is that the illustrations, which are in colour, represent the last work of the famous artist, the late Cyrus Cuneo. The book should appeal very strongly to the bigger boys of one's acquaintance.

ONE OF THE LATE CYRUS CUNEO'S ILLUSTRATIONS TO "TOLD IN THE HUTS"

"The Black Princess"

(Simpkin: 6*s.* net) is one of those volumes of tales for children which strike a new note, so necessary in these days of our bored offspring. All the tales are from Brazil, and are illustrated exceedingly well by Florence Mary Anderson in colour and in black and white.

"All Change Here"

Is another production of Messrs. Simpkin's and is priced at 3*s.* net. It is published by the author in aid of the funds of the Russian Red Cross, and is worthy of the cause it supports. The "keep cheerful" note holds uninterrupted sway throughout, and both the colour and black-and-white illustrations which the book contains are well conceived and carried out.

"Truth's" Christmas Number

Is always one of the best, and this year's is no exception to the rule. Its chief attraction is, as usual, its plates in colour; and these are all admirable. Especially the big double page "Broke," which shows the parlous state of the Central Powers—or at any rate, the state we should like, and expect, to see them in before long.

Christmas Cards

Many people this year are dispensing with the private type of greeting card and satisfying themselves with the purchase of the "ready-made" type. These are, apparently, as numerous and as tasteful as usual, judging from the fine selection of cards produced by Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons.

John Pound & Co.

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CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

SOLID GOLD LOCKET,
WITH RAISED REGIMENTAL CREST, **30/6** NECKCHAIN, **10/6**

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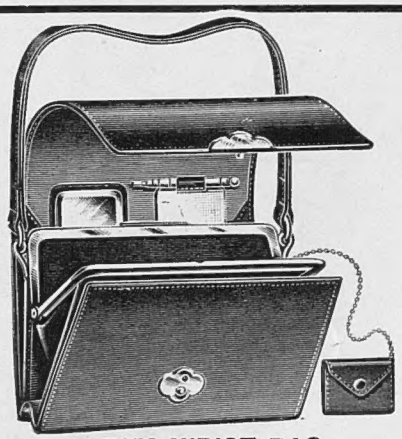

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Colours—Navy, Black, Dark Brown, and Purple.

SPLENDID VALUE.
Post Free United Kingdom. Abroad, 1/- extra.

Inlaid Gold & Tortoiseshell Badge, Brooch or Pendant.
Post **13/9** Free.

DRESSING CASES, TRUNKS & BAGS, CUTLERY & PLATE, FANCY LEATHER GOODS.

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Adds a charm to every occasion

For Christmas Presents

THERE are few gifts capable of giving more pleasure than Yardley's famous Eau de Cologne, and none more welcome at this Season.

Inexpensive, but the best of its kind, it is the ideal present for a lady or for a sick or wounded friend.

Although the best—it costs no more

PRICES:

4-oz. Bottles, as illustrated above, **2/6.**

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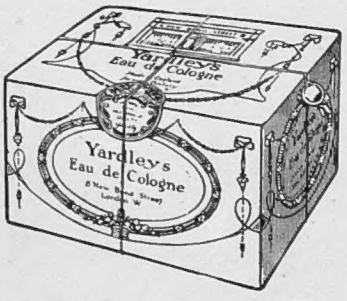
Small, **4/-** Medium, **7/6** Large, **15/-** Magnum, **30/-**

For Cut Glass Bottles and other Gift styles see Price List—post free.



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Containing half-dozen 4-oz. Bottles, forms a most acceptable present.

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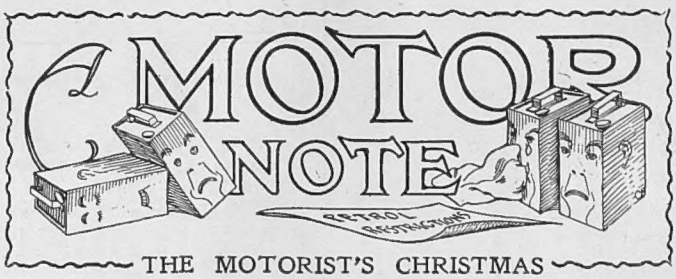

THE MOTORIST'S CHRISTMAS

A Greeting

THIS, of course, should reach you just immediately in front of Christmas Day, in the hope of which I beg leave to give those steadfast souls who do me the honour of starting their BYSTANDER at the motoring page (a very natural thing to do, I grant you, however the other contributors fail to understand!) a seasonable greeting, not less cordial, and not less sincere, because the conditions of the time continue to do their best to break the conventions, and blow out the atmosphere, of Yule.

* * *

"Let Us Sing"

OUR Mr. Lloyd George has bidden us sing, and our General Sir William Robertson has bidden us wear a cheerful face—both as national duties. So let us sing (if we can do it without disturbing the neighbours), and let us give as life-like an imitation of a cheerful face as nature and the wear and tear of time will allow; and let us be as grateful as we can to the good Government that has relieved us of the necessity for worrying about cars by relieving us of the means of motoring; and let us eat our standard bread on Christmas Day, and think joyously of the time when we had butter, and turkeys, and Christmas puddings, and sugar in our tea; and petrol was a shilling a gallon, and we drove out to the Bear at Esher for an *apéritif* before lunch, and digested our dinners in great coats and muffs behind a couple of splendid headlights that made us magic on the night drive; and the sky was hung with stars and all the air was Arabia unto us—or as near as the air of an English Christmastide could get us to it. And let us hope that we shall come to peace in our time; and pray that the portents may all be wrong, and that by next Christmas—— However! Meanwhile, God rest you ladies and gentlemen; let nothing you dismay. To whatever degree that may be possible, just for this little while, let the world slip, we'll *never* be younger!

* * *

A Matter of Zoology!

KING'S Bench, thy name is certainly not Solomon—always assuming Solomon stands for wisdom, which I doubt. For, behold! the King's Bench has ruled (*a*) that the owner of a motor-car sustaining damage through butting into sheep straying on the road on a dark night has no claim against the owner of said sheep; and (*b*) that a cyclist butting into a straying horse under the same conditions *can* recover from owner of said horse. As other things were essentially equal, the King's Bench must have come to its decision on Zoological distinctions. It would save the cost of litigation and release a few judges for the Army, if the King's Bench would print us a category of animals we may collide with only at our own risk, and those whose owners must bear the burden of damage sustained. Meanwhile the only sort of animal it would give me a sad pleasure in running down is the legal hass. ALEX. J. M. GRAY

Motorists! Send for the C. A. V. Lamp Bulb Catalogue replete with useful, interesting information on how to obtain better light with no trouble at lower cost.—C. A. VANDERVELL & Co., Ltd., Electrical Engineers, Acton, London, W.

The most severe test for a carburetter is on an aeroplane under war conditions. CLAUDEL HOBSON CARBURETTERS are undergoing this test with credit.—H. M. HOBSON, Ltd., 29, Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, S.W.

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THE R F C

"Who said . . . Hornets . . . ?"

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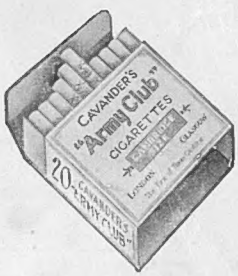
CAVANDER'S

"Army Club"

CIGARETTES.



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